

Birth of the Chosen One

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Birth of the Chosen One

> <meta name="ProgId"> A Kiss Goodbye

DISCLAIMER: I don't own Anakin Skywalker, Qui-Gon-Jinn, Shmi Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi, Yoda, or the Jedi Council. However, the concept and plot DO belong to me.

The Birth of the Chosen One

SUMMARY: My take on how Anakin was born.

Qui-Gon wandered Mos Eisley. He had just met a boy named Anakin Skywalker, and was now trailing him to his house.

Something about the boy seemed vaguely familiar, but Qui-Gon put that down to the heat. Somehow, though, he felt he should know the surname "Skywalker".

When they got to Anakin's house, Anakin's mother came to the door. Anakin introduced them all, and his mother said "Pleased to meet you. I am Shmi Skywalker."

With a rush, Qui-Gon suddenly knew where he had heard the surname Skywalker before. Shock made his eyes glaze over for an instant.

__Impossible, He thought. __That can't be true. __

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But he knew he had to be sure. So, he did a Jedi MindScan on himself, and was pleased-and displeased-with the results.

_What am I always telling Obi-Wan? He chided himself. _Concentrate on the moment. _

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But he knew he would never be able to forget. Therefore, he promised himself he would think more about it later that night.

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Later that night, Qui-Gon remembered the events earlier in his lifeâ€¦

_9 years agoâ€¦ _

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He had been 36, and had not yet taken Obi-Wan as a Padawan. Xanatos had left him by that point.

He was on a diplomatic mission to Alsonarea, a planet on the Outer Rim, where slavery was still allowed.

He remembered, how he had seen a 31-year-old human female, being humbled and disregarded, while her slavemasters beat her.

He had followed them to her quarters, brining along a packet of rations. When the slavemasters left, he had stepped in. He shared his rations with her.

_"Thank you," she had said. _"My name is Shmi Skywalker." _

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He began to see her every day, after his long-term diplomatic needs were accounted for. A month afterwards, it happened.

She had been stretched out on the sofa. He had tripped over something, and almost landed on her. However, he caught his weight on his elbows as he fell.

So, there he was, supporting himself over her. She had reached up and kissed him in gratitude for not falling on her.

He had been surprised, and neither of them had expected it to go further. But it had.

He looked deep into her eyes, asking her a question. She responded by kissing him with feverish intensity.

Shmi didn't protest as Qui-Gon rolled her over on to her backâ€¦

The next morning, Qui-Gon rose early. He was appalled at what he had

done, how he had lost control so badly.

_I am a Jedi! He berated himself silently. _I serve the Jedi Code first, last, and only! How could I do_ that?!____

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He contacted Yoda, who had been his own Master, and confessed his sin to the older Jedi.

_Hmmm, Yoda had said. _"A choice do you face. _Continue this relationship, you can. Heartbreak, it will end in. Choice you cannot make in good conscience, you will have to face. Or, memory removal you can do. Ask her first."____

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He had asked her, told her the options. She had replied, bravely, _"Memory removal."_

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"You know what this will mean," he had told her. "You will not know me if we should ever meet again. Our child will not have a father. You shall think there was no father."____

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"I still say yes," she had said. "My reasons are my own."

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So, he had removed her memory of him. It made her unconscious, and he had been very weak as well. But he had left her quarters before she woke up.

It tore pieces out of his heart, to realize that she no longer knew him. That his son would grow up without a father.

_Wait, he had thought. _How do I know the child will be a son?____

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But he knew how. The Living Force.

Now Qui-Gon knew why he had felt connected to Anakin. Why he had felt he had always know Anakin.

Anakin Skywalker. 9 years old. Slave. The Chosen One.

His son.

End
file.